UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1223.

Original Poetry.

ÆOLIAN MELODY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY WM. RUSSELL, JR.

What music is that which is felt on the breeze,
As the tone of a lute 'mid the late-subdued sense
That drives from the mind each feeling of care?
Where the soul perfected dwells with the friends of despair?
'Tis the music of nature,
List, list what I say,
It comes with the zephyr!
Come hearken again!

What music is that which floats 'round the hour,
'Till tear-drops of gladness unconsciously start
That breathes in the tale, the wailful, the roll—
Whose symphonies float ever forever and hill?
'Tis the music of nature!
It now wanders by,
On the wing of the night wind,
That hearken the sky!

What music is that 'mid the green bowls that strays,
That sweetly discourses of youth's easy days—
Which is sweeter than that of my warbling at even—
And sweeter the lingering echo's from heaven?
'Tis the music of nature
Lost, lost to the voice!
It comes with the zephyr
Lone hearken again!

What music is that which melts the stern mind—
That fills to the brim joy's glittering bowl—
Which breathes in the tale, the wailful, the roll—
Whose symphonies float ever forever and hill?
'Tis the music of nature!
'Tis wanders by,
On the wing of the night-wind,
That hearken the sky!

Original Tales.

THE TRAP DOOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY A LADY OF PHILADELPHIA

CHAPTER I.

"And this is all the property I have in the world," said Leonard Rivers. "I that was to possess—at least enough as to secure me from the dollars a year! Some foul play, foul play, good cousin mine. I suspect, nay, I am certain, that you have cheated me out of my inheritance."

As he passed through the mind of the young man, he seated himself on the stump of an old tree—once a glorious elm, but having been scorched and blighted by the fire which had the summer before consumed the forest—and looked down for friend. Leonard Rivers was not a stranger about trees and twenty: he had been carefully and as acceptable, some spoons and educated by his grandfather, whose hard fate he had supposed to be, and as soon as he graduated at college, was sent abroad to amuse himself for a twelve-month. During his absence, his grandfather died, and the only will that could be found made the daughter of one of his sons who had been dead some years, heir to all his property, excepting the mahogany house, books, furniture and five acres of ground, in the midst of which the house stood.

"Now of what use would the house and grounds, books and furniture have been to me without an income?" thought Leonard, "even if I was intended that I should sell them, and then how long would the money have lasted, even if the fire had not consumed all? There is no employment somewhere, and I hope yet to find it out."

The property in question was situated on the back of a beautiful river, and the little spot was highly cultivated. The mansion house had been well built in its time, and was suited to a handsome income, such as the owner possessed. The library was extensive and well chosen, the furniture costly and neat simple: nothing remained, however, but part of one of the wings, and even of this there was not a room to shelter any one from the weather.

Leonard turned round to look at the ruin; he had slept so the best part of the lower room of the wing, for three nights, and the question now was whether he should remain there and starve, or try and get a situation as tutor or clerk in some counting house. He had eaten nothing but bread and fruit for several days, and found that abundant as this was, he required something more. While he was thus moodily looking at his broken prospects, a man approached him, a stout, good-looking, pleasant-faced fellow, with carpenter's tools on his back, his shoulder, and a small bundle in his hand.

"I have lost my way, master," said he to Leonard, "and I am very tired, can you direct me to a place of entertainment."

"The nearest place is three miles off," said Leonard, "and night is coming on, if you can be satisfied with some of these fine peaches and a crust of bread, you are welcome to sleep where I sleep, and that is on the floor of that ornary ruin there."

"That will suit me exactly," said the man, "my bundle will serve for a pillow, and I thank you heartily."

So saying he walked to the ruin and deposited his tools and bundle within, and then seated himself on the grass, at Leonard's feet.

"This is a beautiful spot, sir," said he, looking round, "that is a noble river, and those hills beyond, make one long to travel. I never saw a hill or a mountain without a desire to get at the top and look at the world below."

"Have you ever been to Europe?"

"No, nor have I seen much of my own country, yet I have wandered about a good deal. Folks say I am unsteady, but somehow or other there were always sufficient reasons for leaving the place I was in and looking for a better. I have a few good tools, a little more in my pocket, and a clear conscience, so I am on a good road of the future, I shall always get what I want, as ordained for me, and that is enough."

"You are like me, then," said Leonard, "for I have no trade and no money in my purse. The plot of ground and the trees which grow on it are all I possess in the world."

"Well, master, that is something, and for sure you have nothing this morning, which is a noble thing, and makes a good living by it, that's many a one."

"I must try and sell this land first, and then I must persuade bring my wife to mend for me."

"Oh don't sell this beautiful place a bit of it, I repeat it, for some time or other you'll be a rich man, and then you will sigh for it."

Leonard smiled at the man's confident tone and manner, and got up and shook the some peaches, and after satisfying himself, strolled around until the crack of the wing, and the dew to fall, and then returned to the old stump, he and found went to their cheerless bed room.

"If you intend to stay about a rare much longer," said the man, "I think I can be a little, for a mechanic we find its way to your tones. The wall is

"I wish you would see a few days, my friend, for solitude—such a solitude as this, is not my aste."

Leonard then told the carpenter all his little history and when he had finished, after a few words of condolence and comfort, the two young men lay down, the one with a valise under his head and a cloak wrapped round him, and the other with his bundle for a pillow, and slept soundly till morning.

"Well, now we are most fashionably tailed," said he as I can see, I am the one to get it and prepare it," said the carpenter. "Perhaps you would like to know my name, it is Jemmy Owen, and I came from Ohio."

As a breakfast, how can we get it? There is at present half a loaf," said Leonard, "and maybe a friend had will be brought here by the boy of a neighboring farmer. I intended to live in this way until the sale of some property failed, and ten my watch was to supply me with a sum sufficient to keep me alive till I could hit upon something to do."

Who Leonard was speaking, Jemmy Owen opened his bundle and took out some fishing tackle a little tin box, containing salt and pepper, ad in a leather case was a strong jack knife nd a short handled fork.

"Had should I have been having a few treat e breakfast t" said he, as he arranged his table. "If you will light a fire, and Heave know there is charred wood enough about ere shall do very well."

Forthe days did these two idle young men live this foolish manner, catching fish, cooking them, telling anecdotes, Leonard levelling his house to suit the comprehension of his companion, and he in turn picking out from his hale brain such tales as would best suit the taste of the other.

"It is pleasant enough," said Jemmy, on the rd day, "but we can't live on fish forever, and that earth-eater, of which I speak, is coming upon us unawares. I must mend that bit of the wing, and little Toby must bring some nails to-morrow."

So the next day Jemmy picked up broken bits of board, and cleared away the rubbish which lay about the house, that he might make it as habitable. In an hour or two, with the help of Leonard, he patched up the holes and laid their companionship with some kind of a shelter among the rubbish, and when Toby appeared with the nails, he was as acceptable, some spoons and knives, the latter two persons approach.

Nothing but a few necessary articles, and a wooden bowl or two had escaped the fire, and Jemmy, looking round the blackened ruin, said,

"It must have been the kitchen, I presume," said Jemmy, looking round the blackened ruin.

"It was the breakfasting room," said Leonard, "and there, where the sofa has been, had stood a door, leading into a large parlour, with every thing that an epicure could desire, and I suspect that the spot we are on and have on fire, took care to remove every thing of value and I have no doubt that the cellar underneath preserves and pickles not suffered to burn up."

"I pity they were not taken away, and in that case may be found that pile of brick stories I will have a search for them."

So he began to throw the rubbish at a distance, and in a short time he cleared away a sufficient space for the floor of the pantry, which had escaped by the fire.

"Yes," said Jemmy, "and I can't see some of these boards, they will serve to hold our things, for they be silent fixtures."

The boards were soon pulled up, and Leonard and Jemmy brush them clean, while Jemmy fixed up a shelf on the kitchen fire, another near the door. While he was thus employed, he observed that the hearth had come to a trap door, very strong, and large enough for a man to well crawl, and on turning to question Leonard upon the subject, he found that he was at present very much absent, as he pondered for some way to scrape off the dirt from the board. In a whisper, therefore, Jemmy said to Leonard, "I should imagine that a bar could be wrenched from a post, and all a few old logs he raised up the trap door and long beneath, found a steel pair of pa.

With forty-seven, he squeezed through a hole in the floor, and counted a dozen ea, with a foot touched a stone floor. Into so he that he could not see the thickness of the wall, fearful of groping about lest he chi fall into the cellar, he concluded that he be a window somewhere, and on a ground he determined to clear away the rubbish that lay against the building; as he could take up time, he thought he might finish the whole next day, as their dinner was got and, and settled for the matters to-day for bed-time. He did not intend apprise Leonard, until he had ascertained what the cellar, hoping to find something in amusing surprise him.

A rough axe was in the shop and a shelf put in it, on which they placed their tools, and with these and the round boards they made their bed, and Leonard had the best of it, and he rather cold to lie on these, than on the floor, and completed himself to the lonely bedding.

"I'd most I had breakabute," said Jones, "sells for sixty dollars an acre, at that rate this would be worth three hundred dollars. But as it or not I shall out, and plenty of fine fruit and water on it, I don't care if I give you five hundred dollars, seeing that it costs you more than it is worth to you."

Leonard turned hastily to look defiance, when he espied his companion in the manner of the gentleman, and for some unaccountable reason his anger subsided, and he answered with tolerable composure.

"I am, indeed, Mr. Jones, in low circumstances, and therefore disposed to sell my little patrimony, and I will sell it but on one condition."

"Name it then, name it quickly, for this is my wedding day, and I am to be married to Miss Maxwell next and to debt, and his daughter was to be the sacrifice—as this dotted through his mind he felt that it would be a convenience and to oblige his friend.

"There is no haste, indeed, that I can see," said Leonard, "to-morrow will do quite as well as to-day."

"I am going to make a tour of pleasure with my bride," said Jones, "and shall not return till October, perhaps I may cross the Atlantic. During my absence, Mr. Maxwell, who has taste and leisure will have the rubbish cleared away and the foundation of a new house laid. You see, young man, that I know what I am about, so you have only to say the word."

"But that word I am not disposed to say at present, I must see a friend—a friend not of long standing to be sure, but an honest hearted man, and very much interested in my concerns."

"Confound you," said Jones in a rage, "what do you mean—I tell you that money shall not part us, why one of the conditions of the young lady was that I should buy the spot of ground and build on it where she might live her life time. Come, I will give you a thousand dollars, and you must be off and let me be alone with the offer."

Leonard thought so too, and agreed to execute the deed in the course of an hour, and for this purpose he was to go with the party the next town. He jumped in the carriage which was waiting at the end of a shady lane, and they proceeded to Jones's, a little country town about seven miles distance, where the court house was, and where the lawyer lived who had possession of the title deed. On the way Leonard said that he should like to see the lady who was to be the mistress of his little property, and hoped she might be introduced to her either before or after the ceremony.

"I see no reason why you should not," said Jones, "so you shall come to the parlour where the lady is and eat a piece of bride cake."

"But you have not heard the conditions yet, I will sell the piece of land provided that I may have the liberty of purchasing the property again at the end of ten years if I pay for the improvements."

Jones looked at him, sneeringly. "I may safely agree to those terms, young man," said he, "and you can draw up an article to that effect as tight as the law can make it. My lady Jones will not be dispossessed of her little villa, I'll be bound."

They alighted at the farm house, and Leonard was taken to a back room. Jones brought in a young lady, pale as marble, but very beautiful, and introduced her as Miss Bella Maxwell, a name, he said she would only bear for an hour or two longer.

"I will run away with her," said Leonard, to himself. "I will execute the papers, get the money, and start for France in the Havre packet."

The young lady did not open her lips, but appeared ready to faint, and her father offered her a glass of water which she took.

"I must speak to the coachman," said Jones, "he will have to lead a horse, and Miss Maxwell, will you tell the maid to have the trunks in readiness"

Mr. Maxwell sighed deeply, kissed his daughter's cheek, and left the room.

"Now, or never," said Leonard, trembling like a child, but he mastered his emotion, and by the time they had been half an hour seated in the little parlor of a hotel, near the court house, he was perfectly composed.

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that rare and extravagant inducements can elicit. They are thus crowned with peculiar importance and cannot but be regarded as manifold pillars of the press.

Lastly, though far from the least, we STAND AN WEARS. This is the highest and most dignified of all the departments. It embraces, or has been aimed of liberty and scientific awareness, and flags around itself an interest that never dies. The intelligence which it contains, are the surest passport to lasting fame. In these steeps the beauty of all nationality, and upon their pages rests the glory and grandeur of national character. They are but the echo of a nation's greatness, as they convey to posterity the impress of her master minds. And how closely is the efficacy of the press here manifest! Greece, Rome, and the empires of antiquity, could but boast at best of concentrated state-scripts, and sculptured monuments. And where do they now live but in the fragments of their classic authors? Young America's fame is doubly sure. She dare boast a great and eventful history, impressed in folios that time can never deface. Her national archives years unsullied obliterate. Her proudest birthright is the printing press; and her most welcome bequest to posterity will be a *printed history!*

Our destiny thus identified with that of the press, may we not look forward to a glorious future? With its vast mechanism to which our public mind may we not hope that its past history is but a prototype of its future career? May the pride of our national character ever turn with a jealous eye to the LIBERTY of the PRESS.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1840.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

With our last words in 1844 we spoke our first "Gossip" in 1845. A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The word passes from lip to lip. Infancy, while its accents are yet inarticulate, lisps it—and age, in second childhood and mere oblivion, smiles and answers: forgetful how, for three score years and ten, the salutation has passed—each year marking the sensible approach of that time when the strength is weakness, and life a mere burthen.

Youth and beauty graciously acknowledge the kind greeting with a smile—but there are eyes in which tears collect while the lips feign cheerfulness. They are those to whom light those smiled last year, who will be seen here no more forever. A dear friend—a tender parent—a brother—a sister—or some other loved relative or connexion—has gone down to the grave from many—oh, how many fireside since this day twelvemonth!

Parents detect themselves looking fondly and vacantly; and by an effort of self command, summon back their thoughts to respond to their *present* children. They were thinking of the absent—perchance of the dead—of the last, and loved, and lost—or it may be of the elder child, whose age, upon which so grateful pride they had begun to lean, is stricken away.

Such memories will crowd around the heart at New Years, and they should. Their indulgence is help—nor is it *all gloomy*. Grief for the dead becomes mellowed by time to a sad pleasure. It is like evening from the past the shadow of pleasant faces—a harmless, a holy witchery, which calls up the spirits of the departed to keep holiday with the living.

New look to the more cheerful aspects of the season. That cheerful face known to-day is constantly missed in which there appeared on New Years. He, of whom she could last year scarce speak without a blush, is now hers, wholly—and we can easily forgive the graceful awkwardness and happy gaucherie of her who can scarce be expected to do better, while the bridal dress is still "as good as new."

Let us peep, unsurprised, in another household. Read in that young woman's face the first serious efforts of maternity wisdom—the grand and happy charms of a young mother! That little boy with its tasteful drapery, and its sleeping tenant, was not born last January. We do not ask any one to tell us—in those more interested, that there "never was such a baby,"—but we can tell you, if you cannot yet appreciate their feelings, that your happiest of "Happy New Years" is yet to come. There was wisdom in the transcendentalism down East, who declared that man is not an "established fact" till he gets married.

In overhauling the log book of our memory, we can think of many of our friends whose epithalamium we would sing, if the "gods had made us poetical." Many of our subscribers—and one, if not more, of our correspondents (rude this day's record) have entered upon new and delightful relations. With all our hearts we wish them a "Happy New Year." We know they expect it—and as the French say "they have reason."

There is one fact of which long experience in the history of newspapers has convinced us—and that is, that they are not only excellent adjuncts to domestic comforts after marriage, but capital promotives to the good work of matrimony before. Just fancy how contagious it must be, to a sensitive heart, to read the weekly happy fit of those who have long had their mates, and paid the grateful paean his most agreeable fee—or performed the ceremony in any similar sentimental manner. There is no possible doubt that marriage is an epidemic, and that the newspaper is one of the most dangerous vehicles of the contagion. Then again, if a sensible young man or woman takes the Post, it is very natural that he or she should desire the concurrent perusal of some of the same age. Fathers and sons, and mothers and daughters, while they have much opinion and many sentiments in common, may not think alike on all subjects. The serious have the cool, calm eye of introspection upon that life, to which the unsere are losing forward with eager and flurried anticipation.

While we wish a "Happy New Year" to all our readers and friends, it gives us great pleasure to acknowledge their tangible and *real* expressed wishes for the prosperity of this paper. The main, and the universal wish of old and valued friends, and the first calls of hosts of new ones, have made this year open emphatically as a "Happy New Year." to the publishers and editors of the United States Saturday Post. That we have always succeeded in the past, in pleasing every reader in every particular, is impossible—that we shall so succeed in the future, is equally out of the question. But no effort will be spared on our part, consistently, to render the Post, as now conducted, independent in politics, conscientious in feeling, impartial in general topics, and neutral in religion, but firm and decided upon the great moral truths, which are common to the belief of all Christians. We recognise no Northern, Middle, or Southern States—to us there are all but UNITED STATES or AMERICA. We know no Northern or Southern Men as such—to us, all are FELLOW CITIZENS of one Republic. Our unexplored pledge to our readers,—readers who reside in every State and every Territory, is to furnish a paper, which shall be acceptable to well regulated minds, in whatever part of the Republic they may be found. The motto of the Post is—"*Our Whole Country.*"

Health and Happiness to our readers—Peace and Prosperity to our land—Success to *well* timed Enterprise—Comfort and Peace to all Domestic relations!—Such is our New Years' Greeting, "to all to whom these presents may come," and to all others also. If our wishes are heard, we know that they will secure to us the happiness of others will be most happy use, upon, the UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

EPICURES.

There are many persons and things which are too much lauded and suspected to be trusted with, and to look with tolerance and charity upon. We must, indeed, have this kind disposition or we make ourselves miserable. Nevertheless, there is the privilege of growling, of which no man can deprive us—and in this first number of the Post for 1845, we shall take that privilege, by scolding at a certain class of animals, who frequent our hotels, and make themselves disagreeable upon all occasions—at office, the being the ridicule of the servants, behind their backs. Nobody *can better* accuse than ourselves—comedy is quicker or surer in detecting pretenders; and nobody can better set up for a "foreign gentleman," than my lord's humble footman. We have been all things, nevertheless, there is the privilege of growling, of which no man can deprive us—and in this first number of the Post for 1845, we shall take that privilege, by scolding at a certain class of animals, who frequent our hotels, and make themselves disagreeable upon all occasions—at office, being the ridicule of the servants, behind their backs. Nobody *can better* accuse than ourselves—comedy is quicker or surer in detecting pretenders; and nobody can better set up for a "foreign gentleman," than my lord's humble footman. We have been all things—arriving in this land of liberty and equality.

Especially are these pseudo gentlemen versed in culinary mysteries. Who has a better right, pray? Their early lives have been a course of induction, by actual inspection, and personal handling of viands, on the road from the kitchen to the mouths of their lords. Experience will be sworn by two or five hours at the dinner table. Who has a better right, then, to understand himself as table, than a gentleman of the stamp we have designated? That republicans should ape European follies at second hand, copying the burlesqued copies of discarded serving men—and that American women should die of envy of the "elegance" of discarded waiting maids, and spend nights in adapting the graces of foreign dressing women—laboring as if for salvation to catch and acquire ridiculous positions, manners, and foreign figures of speech, is too painfully ridiculous to be amusing.

But we shall take time to speak only of one branch of this subject—and stick to our "headline." Fops among men and over dressed women have been visited with censure often and justly—but we know that lampooning will do no good in the reformation; of the evil. We think it would be a fair and honest distribution of public favors, were a certain class of people to be visited upon another and much more disgusting class of animals—the gourmands. And, indeed, the latter are entitled to a very sensible share of the public odium, as the perfection of man's being very attentive to his clothing. There is nothing so selfish in foppery in dress, but that it has the glistering or generous air of a dandy strives to look well in the eyes of others, and it is but proper charity to admit to him the credit of fancying that by a tidiness others as well as himself in setting up for an Adonis. But an epicure—pah! He is made of sensuality and selfishness, and cannot be properly wedded to Apician habits of thought, would sell the bones of his ancestry for a *pate de foie gras*—and barter his birthright for a properly compounded soup. We do not believe that he would make Esau's bargain, for he is more recherche in his taste than to fancy a mess of pottage.

We have said that we esteem it no mystery that men like to dress—but it is a mystery to us how a reasonable being can let his whole thoughts centre in what he is to have for dinner. We do not envy that person's kitchen and confectionary exactions, who can remember what he dined on yesterday. Much less do we envy that emptiness of head which contains room for the table of fare of the last six months, in the order in which they were discussed. We do not admire the accuracy of memory which can call up the fact when and what for dinner at given time was ever done, under done, prompt-ly served, or unpromptly delayed. When the mind becomes a mere table book, and nothing else, fear they are little to be trusted with anything else.

Contemptible as is kitchen lore, in a human being of the male gender, there are many young pepsiapes, now growing up, who would rather have the character of being skilled in French cookery, than be suspected of knowing any thing useful. Give us, believe such, honest Davy Crockett, who mistook champagne for cider, and shives for pickles—we grow to honor that first by the way. The champagne country of New Jersey furnishes too much of the raw material, from which is produced what our ineffable monkeys parse up their mouths over, and pronounce upon as the real imported. But they deserved to be swindled—and they are.

A proper respect for what one eats, is all well enough. We do not believe that any man of taste can be indifferent to what he eats. If cleanses about his food, it is fair to presume that he is not very fastidious in any other. The trouble of expressing a preference is involved. We do not believe that a man who has no choice of articles of food, will have much talent for discrimination in any other matter. What we contend for is for the discrimination of a French cook—that is, the capacity of being skilled in one, under the son. Because "we are virtuous," we would by no means issue an edict against the fact that we would be content to live No—let people eat what they choose, and as they choose, but not make eating the business of their lives.

The best fun for keen observers, was during speculation times, when fortunes were made in a month. People who had grown up to maturity on corn-cakes and hominy grains, and fried pork and beans—who had breakfasted through their lives on a rasher, dined on "boiled victles" pied promiscuously—a jumble—an olla podrida of antagonist substances, and supped on Yopon tea, with the molasses left about it, suddenly became fastidious epicures—"tied up" at big houses, and after a day or two spent in watching, to see how other people behaved at table, they too became fastidious epicures; and ate soup with their forks. The figures that they cut, striving with all their might to ape the ease—the graceful and professed respecting the articles which had formed the pabulum upon which they grew lean, and the ridiculous blunders which made the fortunate, formed many a picture in which Cruikshank or Johnston might have delighted.

That set has dwindled away. There is little left of the fop and fool vintage of 1835—36. The last individual of the species whom we met, was eating oysters at the corner of one of the street—seasoned to his tooth with the dust of a crowded thoroughfare. "The day will return"—but this proverb is one of the most dismal. But if the old set is gone, we have had peculiar demonstration within a short time, that there are coming on the carpet, a new set of indigenous, and native mannats, we are sorry to know that they are out. The best and surest sign by which you may detect one of these "fellows of no mark or likelihood," is that he is content and desirous of eating what is eatable or drinkable may come before him, and his declarations, professedly intended for some other United States are only absolute that all may hear—that this, that, or the other, is not at all what it should be. It leans no comparisons—it makes no invidious choice—it has no habit of eating and drinking at some other table, &c. &c. &c. And thus they grumble, and thus they find fault, and thus they are only reconciled to the existence of such creatures by the reflection that the class of animated nature requires that there should be some animal to supply the link between respectable apes and the monkey proper.

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT.

We have been shown a bona purporting to be a twenty dollar note on the Plainfield Bank of New Jersey, which is, indeed, a most dangerous counterfeit. It is altered from the Tenth Ward Bank of New York, is made payable to Thos. Bradford, and purports to be signed by A. Ivas, Cashier, and Nathan Vail, President. The centre vignette is the well known Patrick Lyon picture, and on the left is a railroad, and on the right, cattle, &c. The letter is A, and the whole thing is well executed, and calculated to deceive all but exceedingly good judges, or persons well acquainted with the Plainfield notes.

MEXICO.

By an arrival at New York, bringing Vera Cruz dates to the 17th of December, we have a confirmation of the reports adverse to Santa Ana, and indeed a pretty clear statement of a perfect revolution in Mexico. Santa Ana was President *Provisional*—Canalizo was President *Interino*, previous to the outbreaks of the *Pronunciados*. Canalizo ordered Santa Ana to take command of the troops assembled against Santa Ana, who had dictated the order, accordingly, at once obeyed it. This he had no right to do, as the constitution expressly provides that the President of the Mexican Republic shall not take command of the army, unless expressly directed or permitted by Congress.

Accordingly the Congress showed itself hostile to Santa Ana; and summoned before it the Ministers of War and of Government, to know whether they had conferred upon Santa Ana the authority to do certain of his high handed deeds. Canalizo, the Interim President, Santa Ana's creature immediately forcibly dissolved the Congress indefinitely, and conferred by proclamation, all the powers of Government, Legislative and Executive upon Santa Ana.

This lasted a few days, when the garrison and people of the city of Mexico, rose and overthew Canalizo, and imprisoned him and the Ministers. Congress re-assembled under the auspices of the victorious citizens, a provisional government was formed, with Herrera at its head, and nearly all the Departments and Ministries were immediately filled. Santa Ana as it is pretty obvious that the revolutionary proceedings which have broken out in the different States, are the results of the course he has now designated! That republicans should ape European follies at second hand, copying the burlesqued copies of discarded serving men—and that American women should die of envy of the "elegance" of discarded waiting maids, and spend nights in adapting the graces of foreign dressing women—laboring as if for salvation to catch and acquire ridiculous positions, manners, and foreign figures of speech, is too painfully ridiculous to be amusing.

But we shall take time to speak only of one branch of this subject—and stick to our "headline." Fops among men and over dressed women have been visited with censure often and justly—but we know that lampooning will do no good in the reformation; of the evil. We think it would be a fair and honest distribution of public favors, were a certain class of people to be visited upon another and much more disgusting class of animals—the gourmands. And, indeed, the latter are entitled to a very sensible share of the public odium, as the perfection of man's being very attentive to his clothing. There is nothing so selfish in foppery in dress, but that it has the glistering or generous air of a dandy strives to look well in the eyes of others, and it is but proper charity to admit to him the credit of fancying that by a tidiness others as well as himself in setting up for an Adonis. But an epicure—pah! He is made of sensuality and selfishness, and cannot be properly wedded to Apician habits of thought, would sell the bones of his ancestry for a *pate de foie gras*—and barter his birthright for a properly compounded soup. We do not believe that he would make Esau's bargain, for he is more recherche in his taste than to fancy a mess of pottage.

We have said that we esteem it no mystery that men like to dress—but it is a mystery to us how a reasonable being can let his whole thoughts centre in what he is to have for dinner. We do not envy that person's kitchen and confectionary exactions, who can remember what he dined on yesterday. Much less do we envy that emptiness of head which contains room for the table of fare of the last six months, in the order in which they were discussed. We do not admire the accuracy of memory which can call up the fact when and what for dinner at given time was ever done, under done, prompt-ly served, or unpromptly delayed. When the mind becomes a mere table book, and nothing else, fear they are little to be trusted with anything else.

Contemptible as is kitchen lore, in a human being of the male gender, there are many young pepsiapes, now growing up, who would rather have the character of being skilled in French cookery, than be suspected of knowing any thing useful. Give us, believe such, honest Davy Crockett, who mistook champagne for cider, and olives for pickles—we grow to honor that first by the way. The champagne country of New Jersey furnishes too much of the raw material, from which is produced what our ineffable monkeys parse up their mouths over, and pronounce upon as the real imported. But they deserved to be swindled—and they are.

A proper respect for what one eats, is all well enough. We do not believe that any man of taste can be indifferent to what he eats. If cleanses about his food, it is fair to presume that he is not very fastidious in any other. The trouble of expressing a preference is involved. We do not believe that a man who has no choice of articles of food, will have much talent for discrimination in any other matter. What we contend for is for the discrimination of a French cook—that is, the capacity of being skilled in one, under the son. Because "we are virtuous," we would by no means issue an edict against the fact that we would be content to live No—let people eat what they choose, and as they choose, but not make eating the business of their lives.

The best fun for keen observers, was during speculation times, when fortunes were made in a month. People who had grown up to maturity on corn-cakes and hominy grains, and fried pork and beans—who had breakfasted through their lives on a rasher, dined on "boiled victles" pied promiscuously—a jumble—an olla podrida of antagonist substances, and supped on Yopon tea, with the molasses left about it, suddenly became fastidious epicures—"tied up" at big houses, and after a day or two spent in watching, to see how other people behaved at table, they too became fastidious epicures; and ate soup with their forks. The figures that they cut, striving with all their might to ape the ease—the graceful and professed respecting the articles which had formed the pabulum upon which they grew lean, and the ridiculous blunders which made the fortunate, formed many a picture in which Cruikshank or Johnston might have delighted.

That set has dwindled away. There is little left of the fop and fool vintage of 1835—36. The last individual of the species whom we met, was eating oysters at the corner of one of the street—seasoned to his tooth with the dust of a crowded thoroughfare. "The day will return"—but this proverb is one of the most dismal. But if the old set is gone, we have had peculiar demonstration within a short time, that there are coming on the carpet, a new set of indigenous, and native mannats, we are sorry to know that they are out. The best and surest sign by which you may detect one of these "fellows of no mark or likelihood," is that he is content and desirous of eating what is eatable or drinkable may come before him, and his declarations, professedly intended for some other United States are only absolute that all may hear—that this, that, or the other, is not at all what it should be. It leans no comparisons—it makes no invidious choice—it has no habit of eating and drinking at some other table, &c. &c. &c. And thus they grumble, and thus they find fault, and thus they are only reconciled to the existence of such creatures by the reflection that the class of animated nature requires that there should be some animal to supply the link between respectable apes and the monkey proper.

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT.

We have been shown a bona purporting to be a twenty dollar note on the Plainfield Bank of New Jersey, which is, indeed, a most dangerous counterfeit. It is altered from the Tenth Ward Bank of New York, is made payable to Thos. Bradford, and purports to be signed by A. Ivas, Cashier, and Nathan Vail, President. The centre vignette is the well known Patrick Lyon picture, and on the left is a railroad, and on the right, cattle, &c. The letter is A, and the whole thing is well executed, and calculated to deceive all but exceedingly good judges, or persons well acquainted with the Plainfield notes.

CAROLINA WINES.

The Savannah Republic establishes specimens of eight bottles each of wine, from the grapes grown at the vineyard of Dr. Stoney Smith, near Robertville, Beaufort District, S. C. Dr. S. states that there are the same kinds of the grape, without the addition of any spirits whatever. One of the specimens is from the vintage of 1833, another from that of 1834, and the other six from that of the present year. They differ in flavor according to the species of grape from which they were expressed, the colour of which they respectively bear. Mr. Warren, Madeira, La Clarence, Catawba, Scuppernong, Virginia Seedling, &c. &c. Dr. S. has taught himself to make these excellent and delicious wines, which he finds useful for all medicinal and culinary purposes, such as the light French wines are used for. Another gentleman—Mr. Weller, of Brinkleyville, N. C.—says that from several of his Scuppernong vines he has made more than half a barrel in a hogshead, and one vine of Norton's Seedlings, five years in culture, produced 25 bushels of grapes, and eight gallons of wine. In the present season, 600 gallons of wine per acre is considered a capital yield, in Europe, but from his experience, thinks 2,000 gallons per acre, in good culture, can be realized in North Carolina.

JUST AND POLITIC.

It is said in a letter from Hamburgh: "The College of the Ancients have just declared in favor of emancipating the Jews. What principally decided our two highest bodies in the State to consent to this act of justice, is the immense sacrifices which the Jews of Hamburg have made to succor the numerous victims of the fire of 1842, and the spirit of fraternity with which their body has always been animated for a long series of years. The emancipation of the Jews will be, it is believed here, carried by the united votes of the senate." The "ancients" answer to Aldermen, or Eldermen; and have, in this country, made themselves wise fathers of the city, as well as just.

WORSTED GOODS.

It has been decided in the U. S. District Court, that Worsted Goods are free of duty. In the case of Patton & Stewart vs. Hoyt, in the U. S. District Court of New York, on Saturday, the jury gave a verdict for plaintiff for $1,589, thereby deciding that worsted goods do not come under the tariff denomination of woollens, chargeable with a duty of fifty per cent, but are free—neither are they classed in that part of the senate." The "ancients" answer to Aldermen, or Eldermen; and have, in this country, made themselves wise fathers of the city, as well as just.

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A LOSS.

A gentleman of our acquaintance had the misfortune to lose, recently, in a public place, now forgotten, the manuscript copy of a Comedy, by N. Deering, of Portland, Me. It however is found the last article, or known its whereabouts, will confer an especial favor by leaving information at this office, in order that the loser may recover his own again. *A propos*—speaking of this loss, we may be sure that the comedy, from such a pen, is a good one. Mr. D. is one of the oft-wear of the down-East Yankees, and has fun shed the reading public with many of the articles with which it has been most delighted and instructed.

SWIFTSURE.

According to the New Orleans papers, the Government Express, with the President's Message, was thrown behind its proper time in arriving at that city. All the Government mail arrangements are becoming a subject of complaint. The Swiftsure is the only thing tolerable about the establishment, is the character of the Postmasters. In England, the post office officials would be well be tossed into the gutter as into the mail—in this country, notwithstanding occasional defections, the great body of the Postmasters and other mail agents are honest, careful, and faithful.

STRANGE MORTALITY.

We are informed that last week the seashore of New Jersey was covered, for thirty or forty miles, with dead fish, of every kind. They are of all kinds, from the smallest perch to the largest sturgeon, some rock fish, weighing from 50 to 100 pounds each. The cause—Many of the fish are washed up before they are dead. So great is the number, that a general stench prevails along the sea beach alone there must be ten thousand bushels. The occasion of this it is impossible to guess—for there are none things in the sea that are dreamed of in our philosophy.

CULINARY QUERY.

We find a statement in an English paper which we submit to housekeepers for trial. It is that it is unnecessary to scale the eel. Rub it well with common salt, and then wash it off, and it will be found that the scales will all come off together. Nobody can tell what mixed the deadly poison—but people are apt to guess." A gentleman who was known in the sporting world, is said to have eloped with the fascinating "C. W.," a dancer of Drury Lane, when he was known to the Miss—London—to the great mortification and disappointment of the host of high and even noble suitors. She is described as said to be a very worthy and intelligent man. The Duke of Leinster has proposed, it is said, to raise £20 000 for father Mathew. I hope he will succeed. I am glad to perceive that respectable name of Sir Christopher Codrington on the list of contributors. He accompanied his donation with a letter, in which he states his belief, that usually all the flogging in the Navy is caused by intemperance. Mr. Hone, a member of Parliament, has left the Kingdom, suddenly, and without beat of drum, for France, in consequence, as is supposed, of having been much involved in debt. One of those very unfashionable and disagreeable people called creditors. The absentee has left his father-in-law, a bankrupt to the tune of and his debts are about £150,000. Mr. Ferrand, the well known orator, is shewing the head of a second wife to the public. The consequence of the very singular left-handed compliment bestowed by the Speaker, on his last speech, namely, that Shapley Ferrand was "Young England"—and Israels—England. That wicked journal says that "even Mr. Ferrand, inspired by the sentiment of the Speaker, spoke of heart, *divested into sense*." I am sorry to say that a young lady of great respectability, Miss Ellen Richardson, has been refused by a physician, has been committed for trial, on a charge of feloniously cutting off a quantity of silk, from a piece which was sent to her by a tradesman to look at. Wordsworth, the poet, attended the last Meeting of the Camden (Antiquarian) Society. His appearance is quite remarkable. Campbell, the poet, has left behind him, a memoir of his life, which is in the hands of his friend, Dr. Wm. Beattie. It is expected to be published ere long. The works of frederic the Great are now in course of publication at Berlin—the present King of Prussia taking 200 copies for presents. Lady Emily Bruce, Lady Charlotte Gifford, and Mrs. Bloomfield, mother of the Bishop of London, have all died within the last week. Sir Richard Church has been dismissed by King Otho, from his post of Inspector-General of the Greek army, without any cause having been assigned.

The Princess Dorothea Cracherode, lately died at Rome. I observe that Mr. Washington Irving, of the United States, and Mr. Peel, son of Sir Robert Peel, were guests at a very grand Ball and Festival, recently given at Madrid, by Narvaez—and at which the Queen, and the Queen Dowager of Spain, were both present. There is now a new candidate for the throne of the Queen of Spain—namely, Prince of Asturias, Prince Royal of Portugal, and eldest son of Queen Donna Maria da Gloria. The Prince is, I believe, the very young, and therefore the couple would be mutually suitable. The object of such a match is, probably, the union of the Spanish crowns, and perhaps kingdoms also. A grand banquet has been given at Hatfield House, to the heroes of Waterloo, and Judge Parsons, but that he received present in the man who had his thumb blown off while in the act of discharging upon from one of the lower windows nearly swooning the meeting on Cadwalader street.

Frederick Hone, convicted of arson, in setting fire to a house on Cadwalader street, above the Kensington riots, was sentenced to one year imprisonment. Defendant has been in confinement ever since his arrest, a number of months, and has been, therefore, the Cadwalader trial slowly undergone a long imprisonment.

John Tasey, convicted of riot in Kensington in May last, was fined one dollar and costs, and sentenced to six months imprisonment. Defendant has been confined in the jail ever since his arrest, a number of months, and has been, therefore, the Cadwalader trial slowly undergone a long imprisonment.

John Bennett, who had pleaded guilty to riot in Kensington in May, was fined one dollar and costs, and sentenced to six months imprisonment. Defendant had been confined in the jail ever since his arrest, a number of months, and has been, therefore, the Cadwalader trial slowly undergone a long imprisonment.

John McAleer, convicted of riot in Kensington in May last, was fined one dollar and costs, and sentenced to six months imprisonment. Defendant had been confined in the jail ever since his arrest, a number of months, and has been, therefore, the Cadwalader trial slowly undergone a long imprisonment.

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PHILADELPHIA.

MONTH.	Calculated for Philadelphia.													
	Days of Month.	Days of Week.	Days of Year.	Weeks.	Sun's Declination.	Sun's Right Ascension.	SATURDAYS.		Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water.			
JANUARY. (1st Mo.)	5	6	7	1	23	4	18	25	7	25	4	36	10	05
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	25	7	30	5	12	10	47
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	25	7	34	5	48	11	29
	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	25	7	37	6	23	0	10
FEBRUARY. (2d Mo.)	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	26	7	39	7	0	0	55
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	26	7	41	7	39	1	40
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	26	7	43	8	19	2	25
	23	24	25	26	27	28	1	26	7	44	9	0	3	10
MARCH. (3d Mo.)	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	27	7	45	9	45	3	55
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	27	7	46	10	34	4	40
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	27	7	47	11	29	5	30
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	27	7	48	0	25	6	20
	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	28	7	49	1	20	7	10
APRIL. (4th Mo.)	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	28	7	50	2	20	8	00
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	28	7	51	3	20	8	50
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	28	7	52	4	20	9	40
	27	28	29	30	1	2	3	29	7	53	5	20	10	30
MAY. (5th Mo.)	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	29	7	54	6	20	11	20
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	29	7	55	7	20	0	10
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	29	7	56	8	20	1	00
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	7	57	9	20	1	50
JUNE. (6th Mo.)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	30	7	57	10	20	2	40
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	30	7	58	11	20	3	30
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	30	7	58	0	20	4	20
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	30	7	59	1	20	5	10
	29	30												
JULY. (7th Mo.)			1	2	3	4	5	30	7	59	2	20	5	50
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	31	7	59	3	20	6	30
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	31	7	59	4	20	7	10
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	31	7	59	5	20	7	50
	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	31	7	59	6	20	8	30
AUGUST. (8th Mo.)	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	31	7	59	7	20	9	10
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	31	7	59	8	20	9	50
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	31	7	59	9	20	10	30
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	7	59	10	20	11	10
	31													
SEPTEMBER. (9th Mo.)		1	2	3	4	5	6	31	7	59	11	20	11	50
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	31	7	59	0	20	0	30
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	31	7	59	1	20	1	10
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	31	7	59	2	20	1	50
	28	29	30											
OCTOBER. (10th Mo.)				1	2	3	4	31	7	59	3	20	2	30
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	31	7	59	4	20	3	10
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	31	7	59	5	20	3	50
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	31	7	59	6	20	4	30
	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	31	7	59	7	20	5	10
NOVEMBER. (11th Mo.)	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	31	7	59	8	20	5	50
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	31	7	59	9	20	6	30
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	31	7	59	10	20	7	10
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	31	7	59	11	20	7	50
	30													
DECEMBER. (12th Mo.)		1	2	3	4	5	6	31	7	59	0	20	8	30
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	31	7	59	1	20	9	10
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	31	7	59	2	20	9	50
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	31	7	59	3	20	10	30
	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	31	7	59	4	20	11	10

Notices of New Works.

The Christian Minister's Companion. New York: D Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton. This is a thick octavo of over 400 pages, and is intended to assist the clergyman in connection with the other large and valuable religious works published by the same house. It contains abundant materials for three hundred and sixty sketches and skeletons of sermons and eighty more on the Evidences of Christianity, Theological Studies, and the Composition and Delivery of Sermons. Among the authors extracted from to make up the latter portion of the work, we find the Rev. Dr. Bourcier, Claiborne, A. Clarke, Cresswell, Calfper, T. Doddridge, A. Fuller, J. Foster, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Hawker, Dr. Hodge, Dr. Hompfrey, E. Porter, A. Rankin, A. Reed, John Roland, R. Watson, J. Wesley, D. Wilson, D. Wintour, Bishop of Calcutta, and Rev. Messrs. Jesse Appleton, A. Barnes, Richard Baxter, Joseph Benson, Bergine, T. Bowney, C. A. Bet, John Brown, R. Cecil, C. Dare, Isaac Eades, J. Edmonson, Greville Ewing, James and David Fergusson, E. Gardiner, H. Hall, T. Haweis, Dr. Harvey, J. B. Inness, Wm. Jay, J. A. James, C. Jerram, J. Mason, J. Morrison, T. Newton, Dr. Pearsall, J. G. Pike, J. Sherman, T. H. Skinner, O. Stockton, B. Wilx, and O. Winslow.

The above list the reader will at once notice, includes the names of eminent divines, of the old world and new, and of different denominations. The work is called a "Sketch and Skeleton;" and the Essays, include every possible subject in religious teaching, and every duty in the pastoral relations, and the individual duties of clergymen. The "Skeletons of Sermons," will, we should think, be found suggestive of thought. We believe the class of sermons of arrangement, without which, a discourse, however excellent in all other respects, must want of excellence and efficiency. The book must have a tendency also, to promote acquaintance with the sacred volumes; and particularly with those particularly useful to the preacher. Simply, and with most advantage, quoted in the preparation of sermons. The publishers have done their "The Pulpit Cyclopedia," and well, we should think, be adopted in very many a case, as the "Clergyman's Companion."

The Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* We have received the first twenty-four numbers of this excellent work of reference as now issued—XVIII. and XIX. forming the first volume. With the additions and revisions of Dr. Dunglison, the work has been found highly acceptable and useful to American practitioners, and will be found on occasion to refer to Medical Works. We are not sure that any library can be considered complete without the Cyclopedia; and we are very sure that to possess it is a great convenience. The articles in the two numbers treat of Bandages, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Brain, Rubeola, Rupia, Scabies, Scarlatina, Scirrhus, Scorbutus, Scrofula, Small-pox, Spasm, Spleen, and many other diseases. One thing is frightful in the nomenclature of medical—and that is the endeavor to give to some the words "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to;" when we find the alphabet thus exhausted in the initial words of the diseases; and each word commencing with the same of such a multitude of evils and afflictions. It is to be wished that there had been a better classification.

Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste. *By Archibald Alison, A. B. With corrections and improvements by Abraham Mills. In two volumes. Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.* This is an adaptation of a valuable work, for the use of schools, and for popular reading. For the former purpose numerous notes have been added, which never alienate the main current of the work, but by the aid of which the principle cannot fail to be explained by the scholar. To popularize the work, the Greek and Latin quotations of the first volume have been supplied, and a general revision of the work has been made, by which obscurities which existed in former editions have been removed; and the work has been so arranged as to present the appearance of able and competent judges. Blair's Lectures and Beattie' Essays have been revised by the same editor, and published by the same house.

History of the War in the Peninsula, *and in the South of France, from the year 1807, to the year 1814. By W. F. P. Napier. In two volumes. G. B. Appleton. Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton.*—This is a double octavo edition, complete in one or two large octavo volumes, as the proclivities of the purchaser may lead him to select the one form or the other. The first narrative of the History of the Peninsular War, by Napier, was established, and its interest as well as its merits as a faithful history, have not diminished. We have taken advantage of having been an eye-witness and a participant in many of the scenes and battles described, to test another an advantage which few historians have possessed. Whenever a leader or action has possessed interest to describe, works from such pens have kept the public eye.

The Douay Bible.—Commencing has sent us No. 14 of the Bible, translated from the Latin Vulgate, the Old Testament according to the Douay, the new to the Rheims version. It has a steel plate, engraved by Dick.

Illustrated Shakspeare.—*No. 30 of Hewitt's edition of Shakspeare, illustrated, with Verplanck's notes, has been received by Stober & Co., and by T. B. Peterson.*

Theme by Miss Howard. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.*—This series, published in a neat form, comprise the stories entitled *Georgy, Modination, Decision, Reflection, Integrity, and Self Denial.* The stories illustrate the character and benefits of the attributes or qualifications expressed in their several titles; and every good advice in a manner at once attractive and convincing. The good writers, we are aware, have supplied just the class of nature, at a good old age: and the public are an invaluable agency in the world in mass, and other tales from her pen. Her books, of these—for them a complete moral library; and, as could be collected from one author.

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Congressional.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Dec. 26.—Among the memorials presented, were four from Philadelphia, two praying an increase in the duties on Iron, one from Lancaster, one the establishment of a territorial government over Oregon, and one for the reduction of postage. Memorials on the latter subject were presented from other places. The bill for the relief of the Florida Indian sureties was taken up and passed. The Committee on the Judiciary were authorized, by a resolution, to take testimony by commission relative to Naturalization Frauds.

In the House, Mr. C. J. Ingersoll introduced a bill relative to children born abroad, which was referred to the Committee on Commerce. It provides that the children who may have been, or who may have been, out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, of any male citizen thereof, who shall have died without having been in the State of the United States."

A resolution was introduced, and laid over, directing the Committee on Elections to consider the expediency of reporting a bill to prohibit betting on elections.

Friday, December 27.—The Senate was not in session. In the House, after ineffectual efforts to get at other business, the Public Land bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole. This bill reduces the price of Public Lands in the Western States. Lands five years in market and unsold, to one dollar; ten years unsold to seventy-five cents; fifteen years to fifty cents; and twenty years, twenty-five cents per acre.

The House adjourned to Monday.

In Senate, Monday, Dec. 30th.—Mr Sevier announced the death of the Hon. W. S. Fulton, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Arkansas, who was in the fifteenth year of his age, and died in August last. He submitted the resolutions customary on similar occasions; and, as a mark of respect, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the joint resolution making provision for the payment of revolutionary and other pensioners, was taken up and passed. The Bill in relation to the Smithsonian Institution was read a third time and passed. A resolution submitted by C. J Ingersoll was adopted. It requires the Clerk of the House to furnish, as soon as practicable, maps of the United States, exhibiting the progress of the public surveys, not exceeding twenty inches square, exhibiting our acknowledged territory, and the boundaries of the several States, the acquisitions of Mexico, Texas, Great Britain, Russia, &c.

In Senate, Tuesday, Dec. 31.—After a short business session, the Senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned to Thursday next.

In the House, Notice was given by Mr. Tibbatts and Mr. Belser, of intention to introduce Texas Resolutions. A number of petitions were received from Committees. The map resolution was reconsidered and laid on the table. The House adjourned to Thursday.

Personal News.

☞ Mr. John Waters, 70 years of age, Secretary of the New England Marine Insurance Company, residing at No. 26 Elliot street, Boston, came to Mendon, Massachusetts, last week and after dressing himself, being in a state of somnolency, or temporarily confused, instead of going down stairs, went upwards, opened one of the scuttle, and walked off his house, four stories high, into the yard below. He broke both his legs, and his left arm, and head, and probably sustained some other injuries.

☞ By the loss of the steamer New Orleans, mentioned by us last week, the following passengers were lost:—Colonel Wm. Seawell, the late West Tennessee. Wm. Tabb, P. Linn, W. Linn, J. Ryan, R. Malsie, N. Sills, Wm. Jones, T. Whitley, Wm. Allen, A. Kirkland, J. Askew, G. Hyer, son of J. W. Hull. J. Peay, Jno Holladay, (assistant engineer,) four negroes belonging to the boat, and seventeen negro hands belonging to the boat.—21.

☞ The agent of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, A. Hayford, has given notice in the papers that the chiefs of the tribe, Sockabasin, as Governor, and Atteon Orson, as Lieut. Governor of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, was not authorized by the tribe to act in the Legislature, in Council assembled, at Caughnawaga, August 25th, 1844. These Indians reside in Maine and have kept up a district government for many years.

☞ The Cherokee Advocate of the 16th of Nov. states, that Captain Dawson, who murdered Mr. Ridge in July last, in the Creek Nation, Mr. has been Hill, a partner of T B. Eastland, of New Orleans, has been arrested near Washington, Arkansas, and that he is now in close confinement awaiting relative to his delivery to the authorities of the United States shall be had by the Executive of Texas.

☞ The Governor of New Hampshire has appointed John H. Frink, Esq., of Philadelphia, to be Commissioner for the State of Pennsylvania, to administer oaths and affirmations, and to take depositions, and the acknowledgment or proof of any deed, contract, letter of attorney, or other instrument in writing, to be recorded within the State of New Hampshire.

☞ The following appointments by the President are announced:

Israel A. Mundell, to be Deputy Postmaster at New Haven, Connecticut, vice Henry Huggins, removed.

Joseph Chambers, to be Governor of the territory of Iowa.

☞ The New York Observer announces the sale of the Rev. Dr. Wisner's valuable property, which sailed from Boston, May 6th, with the following missionaries, viz:—Rev. H. R. Hoisington and wife, Rev. H. T. Taylor and wife Rev. H. M. Sendder and wife. They arrived Sept. 4th.

☞ At an election for members of Congress, held in four districts in Michigan, on the 2d inst. Hon. D. F. King was elected in the 2d, and Hon. Benjamin Thompson in the 4th. In the other districts no choice was made.

☞ Matthias Day, for nearly half a century an honored citizen of Newark, expired on Sunday afternoon, in perfect possession of his faculties, and with much ease and serenity which betokens a bright futurity.

☞ A Paris letter says it is rumored that a married daughter of Marshal Soult, who is not obtained for her accomplishments, has eloped with a gallant officer. Her "accomplishments" are considerable.

☞ Mr Theron, the American Millionaire, has taken a new hotel in Paris, and is fitting up a theatre within it, in which the elite of French society are to perform. It will be first apart—for them.

☞ James N. Hunter, Esq., member elect from Berks county, to our State Legislature, died of consumption on Thursday week, at the age of twenty-five, at his father's residence, near Reading.

☞ Capt. Partridge, Principal of the Military Academy, at Bristol, contemplates removing that institution to Baltimore.

☞ Joshua Hartshorne, a newly elected Cynal Commissioner, declines the office on the ground of his health. He resides at Camden, in this county, and his term of service is three years.

☞ The late Judge Prescott bequeathed dollars to the Boston Athenæum, the Female Orphans, and three thousand to the Corporation of Harvard College.

☞ William Bradford, one of the New London Evangelist, retires from paper, his health not being sufficient him to continue in the occupation.

☞ Mr. S. Richards, Esq., proprietor Reading Journal, retires from its editorial chair, and is succeeded by J. Knabb, Esq of the Harrisburg City Bugle.

☞ Peter A. Browne, Esq., has been appointed Solicitor of the Board of County Commissioners, in the place of the Hon. George M Dallas, resigned.

☞ Webb, the player, who it was said had become a preacher, has again taken to the stage, and is playing in New Orleans. We expected as much.

☞ One of the editors of the London Punch is in New York, and was entertained on Saturday night by a distinguished literary gentleman of that city.

☞ Mr. Stratton, the first Governor of New Jersey elected by the people of that State, will take his seat on the third Tuesday of this month.

☞ Mr. George Frysinger, has retired from the Lebanon Courier, and that paper is now edited and published by H. Bowser and T. T. Werth.

☞ The Pittsburg American announces the sudden death of Mr Bosler, the Deputy Marshal of the Western District of Pennsylvania.

☞ Mr. Hamilton has arrived in New York from China, via Mexico. He has three circumnavigated the globe.

☞ James A. McDougall has been elected, by the Legislature, Attorney General of the State of Illinois.

☞ Alexander Dumas has leased himself out to the proprietor of the Presse, at 60,000 francs per year.

☞ Hon. Thomas Burnside, it is said, will succeed Judge Huston on the Supreme Bench.

Army & Navy.

The Army.—A bill is before Congress, which cuts off all extra pay for extra services. It fixes the term of service at West Point to four years, and authorizes all supernumerary officers to be selected from West Point. The number of Assistant Quarter-Masters is reduced in the bill to twenty. The pay of privates is six dollars per month, and one dollar in addition for every five years' service—no soldier receive an honorable discharge. Corporal punishment is abolished: but no enlisted man may be sentenced to hard labor for desertion from the army or marine corps, for a period of not less than one or more than six years.

☞ The Galveston News of the 10th ult., relates the particulars of the duel, fought in the Navy Yard at that place on the 8th, between Lieuts. Fosbill and Lee, of the U. S. cutter Woodbury. Single shots only were exchanged, without injury to either party, after which the affair was amicably adjusted. The difficulty, according to the News, grew out of some misunderstanding on board the cutter. The young men were in foolish and unprofitable business, as they are not considered cowards.

☞ Commodore Kearny and his associates, charged with the duty of locating a dry dock at Pensacola, were at that place on the 16th ult, and had nearly completed their task. Dr Chase is also busily engaged in building an outwork to Fort Barrancas, for the protection of the dock yard. It will be located on the site of the old Spanish Hospital, near Bayou Grande.

☞ The correspondence between Ex-Governor Campbell and Commodore Jones, relative to the presentation of a sword given to the Commodore by the Legislature of South Carolina, in connection with the Charleston Light Horse. The sword is a very splendid affair, and cost $750. The presentation is made in token of appreciation of Com. Shubrick's bravery in the last war.

☞ Commodore Lavalette, Commandant of the Pensacola Navy Yard, has been informed by the Secretary of the Navy, that the charges against him have been fully tried by Com. Jones, and recently investigated by a Court of Inquiry, have been dismissed: and that he is exonerated from all censure growing out of them.

☞ Mr. Parmenter last week presented, in Congress, the petitions of Samuel L. Boozer, Augustus, and many others, commanders and warrant officers on board the United States frigate Cumberland, on the Mediterranean station, praying that the spirit portion of the navy ration may be abolished.

☞ The United States schooner Flirt will sail from Norfolk, on the 15th of January, for Chagres, and will convey any letters that may be received at Norfolk, postage paid, on or before that day.

☞ Commodore Morris, is acting Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Mason is making a visit to his house in Virginia, during the holidays.

☞ The U. S. sloop of war Vandalia, arrived at Norfolk on the 19th ult, after obtaining supplies proceeded on her cruise.

☞ The U. S steamboat Col. Harney, Lieut. Commanding Lynch, arrived at Savannah on the 30th ult from Norfolk.

☞ The U. S. steamboat Union, Lieut. Commanding Bell, sailed from Pensacola on the 11th ult for Norfolk.

☞ The U. S. brig Oregon, Lieut. Sinclaf, sailed from Kingston, Jam., on the 19th ult., for Carthagena.

General News.

Case of Miss Delia A. Webster.—The case of Miss Webster, from Lexington, Kentucky, for abducting slaves from the State, was given to the jury on the 19th ult., after a brilliant defence from her counsel, Messrs Lincoln, Johnson, Johnson, and Shy. The jury remained together all night, and on the following morning, returned into Court with a verdict of "guilty of abduction." Her term of imprisonment has been fixed at two years, but in consideration for her sex, the members of the jury signed a petition, praying that the term may be lessened to one year. The case of Faulkner, indicted for the same offence as Miss Webster, has been postponed until the March term, in consequence of the absence of witnesses material to his cause.

Awful.—Thomas Wilson, a young man, engaged in the rolling mill of Messrs. Bailey & Co., Pittsburgh, met with a distressing and fatal accident a few days since. He was rolling a bar of iron, which, on passing through the rolls was pushed up and struck him in the face, and the wound sound his arms and body, bursting him in a horrible manner. Some moments elapsed before the end bar iron could be removed, and, so completely had it wound itself around him. He is expected to recover, but will be terribly disfigured in the face, and will lose the smallest finger of his left hand.

Case of R. C. Tobart.—Rev. Mr. Torrey, convicted on three indictments of stealing slaves, was in the penitentiary at Baltimore City Court. The delivery of the sentence was private, in accordance with the request of the prisoner. All the cases of trial, &c., were overruled, and Mr. T. was sentenced to six years and three months imprisonment, from the 18th of December last. The law under which he was convicted and sentenced would have permitted eighteen years imprisonment.

☞ The population of Lower Canada, is 679,500, showing an increase of 160,671 in thirteen years. The emigration for the year 1844, is 10,142, arrived at the three St. Lawrence.

Disorderly Counterfeits.—Thompson's N. Y. Bank Note Reporter states, that spurious hundred and fifty dollar notes, on the Bank of New York, have just made their appearance. The Hundred Dollar notes may be described as follows: Letter A., which is placed between the President and Cashier's name. Vignette, a female, apparently flying, accompanied by a child holding to her robes, and a miniature female steering a ship, holding a shield in the wand. There is a large C each side of the vignette, surrounded by a die about the diameter of a dime. Letter B., under the word Cashier, which is placed between the President and Cashier's names. Vignette, a female floating in the air, holding a shield, and supported by an eagle. The "50" which is to the right of the vignette, is surrounded by die-work about the diameter of a dollar. "FIFTY" is across the left end of the note. John Outhout, President, and A. Halsey, Cashier. There are no engine lines with the word fifty so large, and no figures hundreds with two C's above denoted.

The Vermont Gazette reports that Chesbrough, of Bristol, N. Y., has a son aged six months, which he is ready to exhibit at any child of his age, and defies the world to beat him. His measurement is—from crown to toe two feet ten inches—round the breast four inches—round the thigh eleven round the calf ten inches—round the ankle six inches—round his ankle ten inches weighs fifty-four pounds and a half. We think Kimble will never exhibit the child here.

Escape Cause Likely from Jail.—It will be recollected that this person, who was brought to this city from Albany, on a requisition from the Governor of New York, as being a principal in the murder, in which McCoy was killed, in Westchester county jail, at White Plains, for trial. On Sunday night he made his daring escape, and is now at large, for his arrest.

Theft.—One of the very coolest robberies that has occurred a couple of weeks since at Evansville, Indiana, was committed by a gentleman named Hall, who is engaged in a grocery, where he sells Cherokees, canned fruits, &c. Hall also entered his grocery, few their nights ago, and, without a word being spoken, buttered both the Indians.

Mr. Thomas Hall, a passenger on the Cornier, a Whig paper, thinks that the Democratic losses at the recent election: "The Loco party has suffered a defeat, while the Whigs look as fresh as ever. Well, we won't grow!; but we are confounded hard to rig a fellow out from head to foot, and then have him grow!"—Ex.

Bears have emigrated in large numbers this year from Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa, to the north of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and Missouri. This emigration of bears to the South is said to be occasioned by a hard winter. Meanwhile winter is fast slipping away—there is no sign of a severe severe, so far, at any rate.

☞ A foreign writer mentions that a certain builder in London has written an epitaph some for building in any particular place, and into the grave yard in the vicinity in exactly the state of the weather. Consequently, when the day determines the relative value and quality of some of the stables in the neighborhood.

From Central America.—The brig Thomas H. Perkins, Commons, from New York, brings later news from San Juan and other parts of that country. Nicaragua, San Leon and Guatemala are in a state of revolution, and at St. Salvador an insurrection has lately taken place, which threatens the Constitutionalists.

☞ One hundred thousand bags have been taken to Point Pedro, Cuba, for the crop of last two months. Twenty-five thousand were taken at one haul during last week, and at another time one night thousand. The crop of sugar are very busy, and what they have already secured will bring about $12,000.

☞ A lamentable accident occurred at the Worcester Depot, in Boston, last week. On the arrival of the train at 12 o'clock, a Mr. Ingwood, of Boston, who was impeded in getting out of the cars, was run over by the train, and his body completely severed in two.

☞ The Boston Times states that capsicts are now making their appearance in the streets of the English male by the omnibuses from Boston to Montreal, and vice versa, and the main thoroughfare of the Province, instead of being sent from Halifax Montreal.

☞ The Legislature of New Hampshire have passed a bill commuting the sentence of death passed upon Wm. F. Gonings, for the murder of Haverhill jail, for the murder of his wife at Bath, in September, 1842, imprisonment in the State Prison for life.

☞ There were built at Pittsburg, during the year ending with December, fifty steamboats of the aggregate tonnage of 12,057 tons. Three more are on the stocks of erection, and the tonnage of 1,000 tons is nearly ready for launching.

☞ The Senate of Missouri has passed a bill establishing a company of Rangers, to consist of one captain, the two brass field pieces, and some arms, furnished the State by the general government. Of course that is the last of them.

☞ At the Lewis County, December Circuit, at Jersey, before Judge Gridley, in the case of Sarah Ann Norman, for the seduction of plaintiff's daughter, the jury rendered a verdict of $500 damages for the plaintiff.

The Baltimore Gazette, published at Delaware, Ohio, states that on one day, recently, about two thousand sheep passed through that place on their way to Baltimore to be slaughtered.

☞ The Wilmington (N. C.) Chronicle says that the late turpentine distilleries of that place, on an average, yield 100 barrels of rough turpentine, and turn out 4,000 gallons of spirits of turpentine daily.

☞ Four children in a single family, in Ohio, recently died from eating the seeds of an ivy by their eating freely of rotten or unsound apples, which were buried and dug up for winter consumption.

☞ Not less than three hundred stores and dwelling houses have been erected in Memphis (Tenn.) since January last, and over a thousand of them fine brick stores, some three stories high.

☞ Mr. James Brewster says, from actual knowledge, that seven-eighths of the inmates of the New Haven Alms-house are there from the through the intemperance of themselves or parents.

☞ Mr. Detwold, of New York, has procured from the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky several of the eyeless fish which abound in that dark watere. They are to be sent alive to Paris.

Observatory Burnt.—The Marine Observatory, Federal Hill, Baltimore, owned by John Mc Donough, Esq., was burnt on the 19th ult. It was entirely destroyed by fire, on Monday.

☞ To give a slight idea of the commerce of New Orleans, the Picayune states that twenty-three steamboats, and seven ships and barks, cleared from that port during the month of December.

☞ The Rochester Democrat says that there has been made and sent east from that city 45,000 boots and shoes, and 20,000 yards of cloth within the last year.

☞ There is an announcement in the papers of the death, in Milford, N. H., of Mr Benjamin Hutchinson, one of the noted molecules of the "Hutchinson Family."

☞ Michael Fox was fined at St. Louis, by the Recorder, twenty-five dollars and costs, for combing a lady in the street. Michael will be more civil in future.

Boston.—A third unsuccessful attempt to elect a Mayor was had in Boston last Monday. The Native Americans had 4,009 votes, Whig 2,443, Democrat 2,338.

☞ A troop of horse, called the Delaware Light Dragoons, has been raised in Wilmington, Delaware. The Captain is the Hon. R. H. Bayard.

☞ An old lady, ninety years of age, was burnt to death at Guntonsall by her clothes taking fire, on the 23d ult.

☞ In Cincinnati a chair gang a formel of criminals, and they are compelled in work on the public highways.

☞ A Temperance Society for the State of Ohio, has been organized, with Gov Bartley at its head as President.

☞ A new church, (Methodist Episcopal) was dedicated in Hudson street, Albany, on Wednesday week.

☞ There was good sleighing at Boston, (Mass.) and at New Haven, (Conn.) on Saturday last.

☞ The whole number of the slaves in the state of Delaware is less than three thousand.

A WISE SQUIRREL.

The Boston Transcript gives the following. The argument who relates it is a savage if he ever fires at another squirrel

"A friend who returned not long since from a tour through the Western country, has related to us a touching instance of instinct in animals, and as all such circumstances possess natural interest, we have thought it worth while to record it. The legend was in turning from a short hunt one day, when he espied near his cabin, a large squirrel in the top of an oak tree, and deliberately aiming his rifle, he discharged its contents at the frisky animal without any apparent effect, as the little creature retained his bold unmoved. Observing the fun gun was not used in striking at the oak, to bring the squirrel down. This, however, for some time, produced not the least effect, but, at length, probably finding the jarring of the tree painful, the animal started and came directly down to the lowest limb of the tree just over our friend's head, when seizing the end of the limb with his teeth he began to chatter most piteously, and at the same time holding up one of his forelegs (which he then saw was badly broken,) with the other, much as a person supports one arm with the opposite hand. He looked down all the spectacle most imploringly, and began to lick his wounded leg. The gentleman's rifle was not loaded, or who turned away conscious of having learned a lesson of humanity and forbearance and left the poor squirrel to make his escape without further molestation."

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

800 shares Wilmington R. R.	21½
50 do. Girard Bank,	10
37 do. United States Bank,	10
25 do. Kensington Bank,	10
17 do. Penn Township Bank,	29
10 do. Farmers & Mechanics Bank,	72
$3,000 Penna. 5's,	73
$40,000 Penna. 5's,	73
$5,000 Penna. 5's,	74
$5,000 Penna. 5's,	74
$1000 Penna. 5's,	74
$1000 Penna. 5's,	74
$1,000 Penna 5's,	74
$1,000 Penna 5's,	74
$1,000 Penna

Selected Poetry.

THE CLOUDS.

BY MRS. LOIS ADAMS.

Float on, float on, while time shall last,
Ye heralds wild of storm and blast,
Float on, float proudly on;
Your changing forms in ceaseless whirl,
Like ocean waves in eddying curl,
A moment seen and gone.
While time hath been, unceasingly
Have journeyed through the trackless sky,
Forever hasting on.

Immortal bards in deathless song,
As passed your bannered hosts along
At sunset's flaming hour,
Have clothed the strange mysterious dyes
That gild the summer twilight skies
With minstrel art and power;
And not more oft have poets sung
The varied charms by nature hung,
As gems in beauty's bower.

Your shadowy forms, of misty air,
Are blest with beauty passing rare,
When moonlight's silver glow
Hath bathed your waving folds in light,
And made ye seem like angels bright,
To watch the world below,
And onward sailing, free and far,
With joy ye seem from star to star,
Bright messengers, to go.

But oft your dark unrolling forms
Are coverts slight for fearful storms,
Dark messengers of fate;
Still journeying onward through the sky,
Your banners tinged with crimson dye,
Where vivid lightnings wait.
Till mutual union draw them forth,
"Like angry spirits from the north,"
To hurl the darts of fate.

The wintry storm, the summer shower,
The dews that bathe the drooping flower
Are in your bosoms borne—
With drapery dark ye shroud the night,
Or hang your fleecy folds of light
Around the rising morn,
Then onward haste; and crimson glow,
And forms of wild fantastic show,
The evening skies adorn.

Float onward in your wild career,
Ye have no place of resting here,
Sad types of earthly bliss—
Your lovely forms may cheat the eye
To dream of sweet reality—
Of promised happiness;
But upward, onward, as ye go,
Ye seem to leave the world below
For brighter home than this.

Fun for New Years.

HOROSCOPES MADE EASY TO THE MEANEST CAPACITY.

Of course every one knows that horoscopes are divisible into twelve classes, and that one of the twelve Signs of the Zodiac is at the head of each class. With this information, any one, with the aid of the following learned treatise, will be able to cast his own nativity, or that of any other person.

The first Sign of the Zodiac is,

LIBRA, ♎

Which formerly belonged to a person of the name of Themis, but was taken from her for using false weights, and hung up, as a warning to tradesmen, among the constellations. Who at present holds them, Lemprière omits to say. The Libra are uppermost in the Zodiac from the 22d of September to the 21st of October: consequently, any one born during that period, is put into the scales, and weighed accordingly. Churchwardens who cannot balance their accounts, and Ramo Samees who can balance any thing, are generally born under the sign of Libra. It favors, also, young ladies who hear from Joseph Ady, and are blest with a large balance at their bankers.

The second on the list is

SCORPIO,

Whose malice and sting come into play from the last-mentioned date, and penetrate everywhere up to the 21st November.

Sheriffs' officers, lawyers, stage-door keepers, and anthropophagi, are always born under this constellation.

SAGITTARIUS

Comes next. Old Chiron, the Nimrod of his day, dwells at this Sign of the Zodiac. He was put in possession of it by Jupiter for having taught Achilles how to pull the long-bow. He favors Derby sweeps and the Epping Hunt, but his patronage cannot be of much value to the latter, as his influence is only good from the 22d November to the 21st December.

The *protégé* of Sagittarious is generally fond of hunting the slipper and shooting the moon. He is known by his carpet bag, stuffed with bricks and straw. He sports a moustache, but never shows any tip.

The fourth sign is

CAPRICORNUS,

Who was originally Jupiter's wet-nurse. His lease of the Zodiac extends to the 21st January, after which he is obliged to pull in his horns.

This constellation is noted for the number of stupid people who are born under it. They believe everything they see advertised, and put their trust in pills and Moses and Son. They are mostly called "Gents." They spend their money in Coal-holes, and smoke a kind of cabbage called "cheroot." They abound at promenade concerts, and on the tops of omnibuses and paddle-boxes on Sundays.

Capricornus, when he has finished going the Circuit of the Zodiac, is succeeded by

AQUARIUS.

Or the Watering-pot. Aquarius is only allowed to *reign* till the 21st of February. The former name of this Sign was Ganymede, who was taken up for sheep-stealing by an eagle, was noted for being the first beak of his day. He was carried before Jupiter, who condemned him to pour out the nectar at a free-and-easy, of which he was chairman, in Olympus; but upon being detected mixing the grog of the gods, who always took their liquor neat, Ganymede was, in consequence of his foolish propensity to cold water, sentenced to take the *soubriquet* of Aquarius, which, before the Flood, was the Latin for Father Mathew.

Aquarius is the patron sign of Vauxhall, which he makes his residence during the summer months. Temperance and Teetotal people are born under his benignant favor. Doctors, too, are his children, owing to their liberal use of *aqua pompaginis*. One half of the London milk is supplied to the metropolis by Aquarius.

PISCES

Makes up the half-dozen of the constellations. Fish in the Zodiac, it seems, comes into season about the 22nd of February, but will not keep after the 22nd of March. Very little is known about the private history of these strange Pisces; they are supposed to have been a couple of John Dory's, who, Neptune having advertised in "*Lloyd's List*" for a wife, introduced Amphitrite, a Wapping lady, to share his oyster-bed with him. Neptune in return, gave the Pisces the entire swim of the Zodiac, where, if Aquarius did not brandish his watering-pot right and left about him for a month before them, they would have nothing but currents of air and thorough drafts to swim in. This would have made them feel very much like fishes out of water. The Pisces look after picnics and ministerial white-bait dinners.

ARIES,

Makes his triumphal entry into the circus of the Zodiac on the 20th of March, and keeps on the move till the 21st of April. He was the original proprietor of the Golden Fleece, but having, from his hasty temper, got into Chancery, he was fleeced, and then locked up for life in the Zodiac. He encourages the breed of April fools, and looks after chancellors and lawyers, that they may have abundance of clients.

TAURUS

Is the prototype of John Bull, who crossed the British Channel with a pair of corks, and landing at Calais, carried off Europe, or Europa. Young France has often attempted to take this bull by the horns, but, as Old Moore quaintly expresses it, "Ye puppyes aint yett buorn thatt can baitte ye Johnn Bulle." Taurus looks after the Spanish Legion and the Lumber Troop, and gives them their indomitable valor. Sir Robert Peel was born under this constellation, which accounts for his having offered his constituents at Tamworth a Bull. Taurus superintends the bulls that are kept in the Vatican at Rome; and all Irishmen who are born between the 22nd of April and 21st of May, are under his influence. Taurus frequently shows himself at fairs and market-days, when, if the weather is at all hot, he will toss any one for a cool hundred at heads or tails.

GEMINI

Are nine, though properly only two, in the order of Signs. Castor and Pollux are the twins alluded to. Their berth in the constellations they received from Jupiter, and very naturally too, as he was their father. Their mother was Leda, a regular Spartan, but no relation to the present member for Westminster. The saying of "What a shocking bad hat!" was first applied to Castor. Beggarwomen, who exhibit two children on a door step, very unlike one another, are relieved under the lucky star of the Twins. Castor and Pollux go on very well till the 21st of June, when, as it is the longest day in the year, they generally get tired of one another's company, and do not come together again for a twelvemonth.

CANCER

Is a very bad Sign, indeed. It first attacked Hercules, when he was attempting to come Van Amburgh over the Hydra. Hercules did not take the Cancer very much to heart, however; but, with one blow, packed him off to Heaven, where, there being a place vacant at the time in the Zodiac, the Cancer was sworn into it, and has filled it very creditably ever since. Cancer sometimes puts the seasons out of order, by thinking he is a crab, and walking accordingly, which is always the case when the summer is a little *backward*.

LEO

Is the next that comes upon the *tapis* of the Zodiac. It is the same Leo whom Hercules got over in the forest of Ardennes, by means of animal magnetism, having thrown him into a state of coma, with a few passes of his club. This made the second candidate Hercules returned to the Zodiac Parliament. England (not the Young—but the Old) was born under the protection of the Lion, who, for this reason, is always called by orators the "British Lion," and painted on signboards, giving his paw to the British arms, in friendly confab with the British Unicorn. Mr. Carter, the greatest Lion-tamer since Hercules, was born during this month; and young dandies and authors, who patronise tea-parties, are called "Lions."

VIRGO

Comes last. She rises every year on the 22nd of August, and goes to bed, in her golden palace of the East, on the 21st of September.

Eastern Sketches.

THE CONDITION OF WOMAN In Mahommedan Countries.

Born and brought up in the harem, women never seem to pine at its imprisonment; like cage-born birds, they sing among their bars, and discover in their aviaries a thousand little pleasures invisible to eyes that have a wider range. There are no literary ladies; knowing not the thoughts of others, they associate the more with their own; and who can tell what wild and beautiful regions of imagination their minds may wander through, unimprisoned, if undirected by education? To them, in their calm seclusion, the strifes of the battling world come softened and almost hushed; they only hear the far-off murmur of life's stormy sea, and, if their human lot dooms them to their cares, they are as transient as those of childhood.

Once, as I was passing through the secluded suburbs of Cario, I found myself near one of the principal harems. I paused by the dull, dark wall, over which the palm-tree waved, and the scent of flowers and the bubbling of fountains stole; and there I listened to the sweet laughter of the Odalisques within. This was broken by snatches of untaught song, to which the merry unseen band joined chorus, and kept time by clapping hands, on which their jewelled bracelets tinkled. It was a music of most merry mirth; and, as I pictured to myself the gay group within, I wondered whether they deserved that pity of their European sisters which they so little appreciate. An English lady, visiting an Odalisque, inquired what pleasure her profusion of rich ornaments could afford, as no person except her husband was ever to behold them. "And for whom," replied the fair barbarian, "do you adorn yourself? is it for other men?"

The Egyptian has no home; at least, in the English sense of that sacred word; his sons are only half brothers, and generally at enmity with each other; his daughters are transplanted, while yet children, into some other harem; and his wives, when their beauty is gone by, are frequently divorced without a cause, to make room for some younger rival. The result is, that the Egyptian is a sensualist and a slave, and only fit to be a subject in what prophecy long since foretold his country should become—"the basest of kingdoms."

The women have all the insipidity of children, without their innocent or sparkling freshness. Their beauty, voluptuous and soulless, appeals only to the senses; it has none of that pure and ennobling influence

"That made us what we are—the great, the free—
And bade earth bow to England's chivalry."

The Moslem purchases his wife as he does his horse; he laughs at the idea of honor and of love; the armed eunich and the close-barred window are the only safeguards of virtue that he relies on. Every luxury lavished on the Odalisque is linked with some precaution, like the iron fruit and flowers in the madhouse in Naples, that seemed to smile round those whom they imprison. Nor is it for her own sake, but that of her master, that woman is supplied with every luxury that wealth can procure. As we gild our aviaries and fill them with exotics native to our foreign birds, in order that their song may be sweet and their plumage bright, so the King of Babylon built the Hanging-gardens for the mountain girl, who pined and lost her beauty among the level plains of the Euphrates. The Egyptian is quite satisfied if his Nourmahal be in "good condition;" mindless himself, what has he to do with mind?

And thus woman lives and dies, as if she were indeed the mere animal his miserable creed would make her. Utterly uncultivated, her education limited to staining her eyes with kohl, and her fingers with henna, the Egyptian girl's mind wanders, like the river Shannon, "at its own sweet will;" and, between human nature and the conversation of the old Jezabels who haunt the harems, the result is not very favorable. I grieve to say it, but I am credibly informed, that a denizen of Billingsgate would be rather startled at the copiousness and strength of expression, and the knowledge of human natue, that flows from the rosy lips of these Haidees and Zuleikas. Then they become mothers, these wife-children, and the education of their offspring is entirely their work. Whence can these poor children learn those lessons of honor, truth, and faith, which should seem to be intuitive, being heard with the first intelligence of the young heart? Woman, degraded herself, most unconsciously avenges her degradation upon man by sending him forth to the world without one manly thought.

The lady of the Harem, couched gracefully on a rich Persian carpet, strewn with soft pillowy cushions, is as rich a picture as admiration ever gazed on. Her eyes, if not as dangerous to the heart as those of our country, where the sunshine of intellect gleam through a heaven of blue, are, nevertheless, perfect in their kind—and at least as dangerous to the senses. Languid, yet full, brim-full, of life; dark, yet very lustrous; liquid, yet clear as stars; they are compared by their poets to the shape of the almond, and the bright timidness of gazelle's. The face is delicately oval, and its shape is set off by the rich red and purple and golden turban, the most becoming head-dress in the world. The long, black, silken tresses are braided from the forehead, and hang wavily on each side of the face; behind they fall in glossy cataract, sparkling with little golden drops, such as might have glittered on Danae when she came forth from her shower-bath. A light tunic of pink or pale blue crape is covered with a long silk robe, open at the bosom, and buttoned thence downward to the delicately slippered little feet, that peep daintily from beneath the full silken trousers. Round the loins, rather than the waist, a cashmere shawl is loosely wrapt as a girdle, and an embroidered jacket, or a large silk robe, with loose, open sleeves, completes the costume. Nor is the water-pipe, with its long variegated serpent, and its jewelled mouth piece, any detraction from the portrait. Picture to yourself one of Eve's brightest daughters, in Eve's own loving land. The woman-dealer has found among the mountains that perfection in living woman which Praxiteles scarcely realized, when inspired fancy wrought out its ideal in marble. Silken scarfs, as richly colored and as airy as the rainbow, wreathe her round, from the snowy brow to the finely rounded limbs, half buried in pillowy cushions; the attitude is the very poetry of repose; languid, it may be, but glowing life is thrilling beneath that flower-soft exterior, from the varying cheek and flashing eye to the henna-dyed taper fingers that capriciously play with the rosary of beads. The blaze of sunshine is round her kiosk, but she sits in the softened shadow so dear to the painter's eye. And so she dreams away the warm hours in such a calm of thought within, and sight or sound without, that she almost starts when the gold fish gleams in the fountain, or the breeze-ruffled roses shed blossoms on her bosom.

PRESS AND PARLIAMENT OF EGYPT.

The printing-office close at hand, where the *Cairo Gazette*, in Arabic, is printed, is a small insignificant establishment, which would be nowhere remarkable but in such a country as Egypt. The press, the tympans, the galleys, the sticks, the balls, &c., were all of a very inferior description, and the forms appear to be made up in a slovenly way upon the press itself. There were but few compositors or pressmen at work, but they all seemed rather expert. The Arabic manuscripts from which they were composing, written on one side only, were such as European compositors rarely meet with—extremely legible, the lines being wide apart, and the interlineations and corrections very carefully made. The works which have issued from the press—generally history and poetry—have hitherto met with but little favor from the Arabs, whether the blame is to be attributed to their poverty or their want of taste. Mohammed Ali's authors meet with, in fact, but few buyers, so that the records of their labors, piled up in ware-houses, are abandoned as a prey to the rats and mice, or to be decomposed slowly under the influence of the climate. The reason is obvious. No pains are taken to adopt the publications to the wants and predilections of the people, who care little to read histories which dare record no truth, if it happen to be unpleasing to the Pasha, and who have little relish for poetry which derives its inspiratin from a state of society which has no anology with theirs.

Having passed through the apartments where [illegible]

THE GOLDFINCH AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

[illegible]

THE PARTING CHARGE.

BY LETITIA E. LANDON.

[illegible]

Useful Hints.

FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF ACCIDENT.

FRACTURED BONES.

There were few accidents more frequent, or more distressing in their results, than those arising from fractured bones [illegible]

Seasonable Sketch.

THE REMORSE OF A NIGHT.

[illegible]

Choice Selections.

PASTEBOARD ACQUAINTANCE.

[illegible]

DUST TO DUST.

[illegible]

THE ATTACHE.

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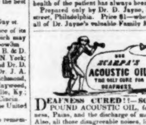

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DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

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